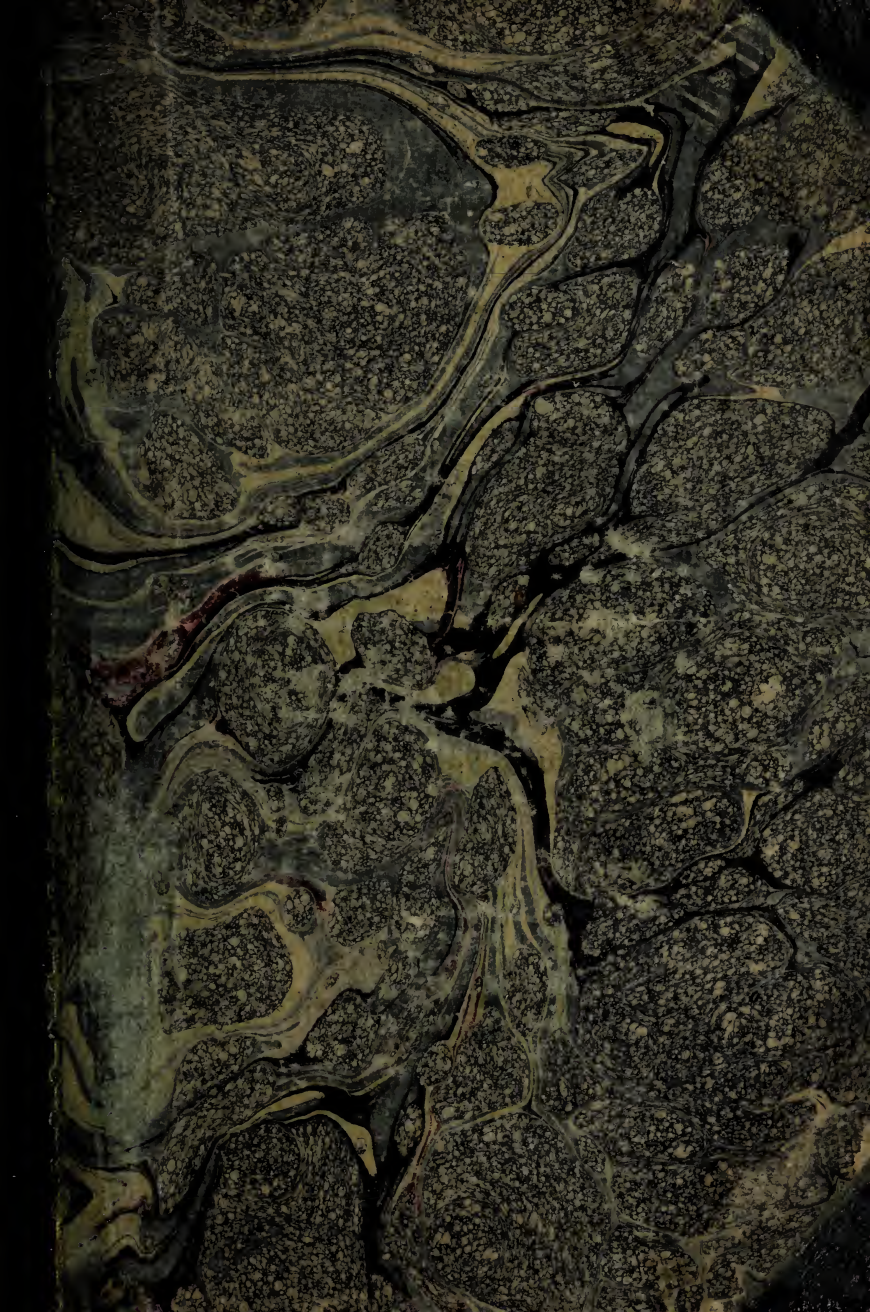




Accessions

151.653

Shelf No.

G.3976.45

Barton Library.



Thomas Pennant Barton.

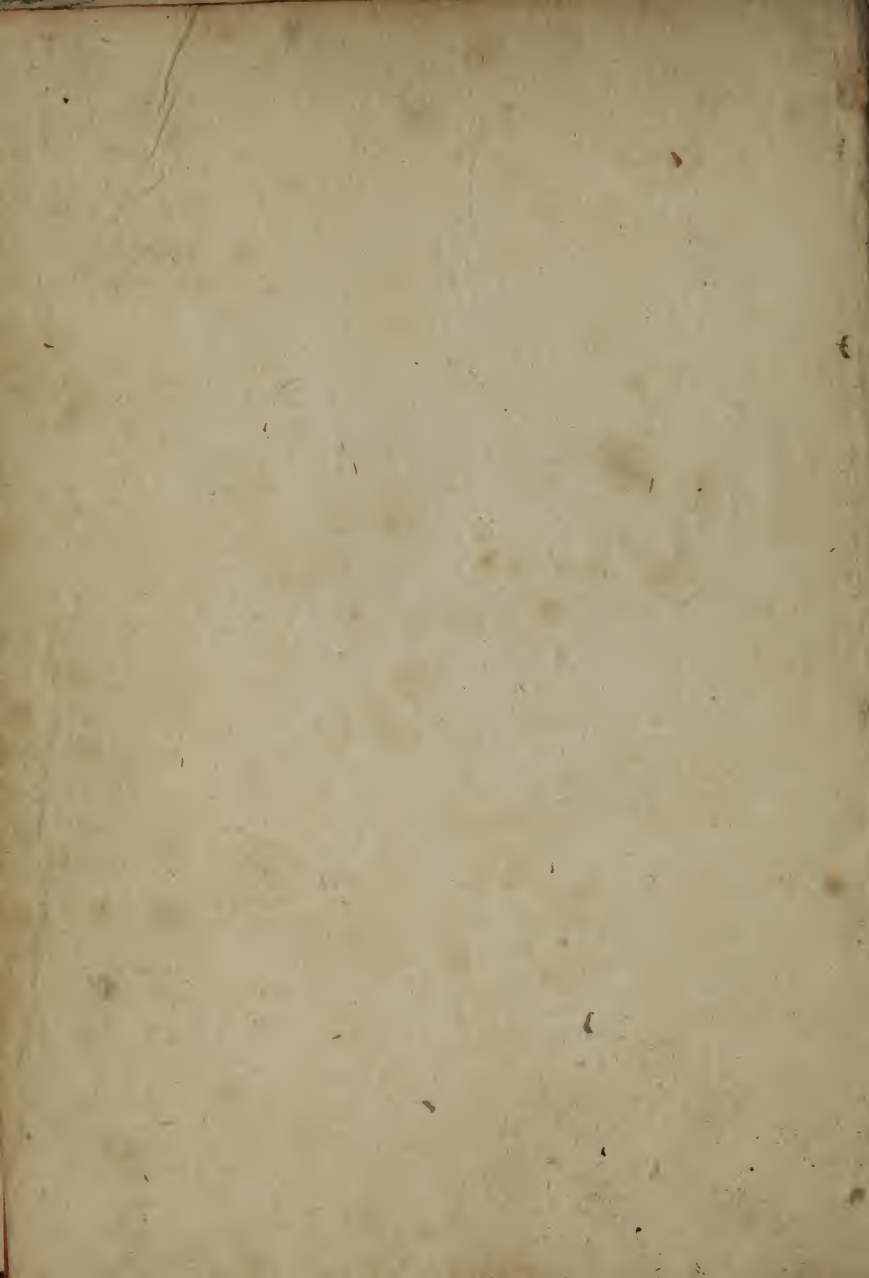
Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

Applington Feb 1862

- 9 -



R
THE
CONSTANT
MAID.

A Comedy.

Written by *James Shirley.*



2301

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Raworth*, for *R. Whitaker.* 1640.

The names of the Persons.

- Hornet, a rich *Vsurer*.
Hartwell, a young Gentleman, Lover of *Mistresse*
Frances.
Playfaire, a Gallant.
A Gentleman, Cousen to Playfaire.
Sir Clement, a *Iustice*.
Startup, a foolish Gentleman.
A Countrey-man.
Close, Servant to Hartwell.
Three Servants, disguised sometimes as Lords, one of
them once disguised as a Pursevant.
A Constable.
Three Watchmen.
Masquers.
Officers.
Servants and Attendants.

157.653

May 1873

- Bellamy, a *Widdow*.
Frances, her Daughter.
Nurse, their Servant.
Neece to Hornet.



The Scene, London.

1873



THE CONSTANT MAID.

Act. I.

Enter Hartwell, Cloſe, Servants.

Hartwell.

Ay, let's not part ſo heavily.

Clo. For mine owne part

It does not trouble me ſo much, that you

Have broke up houſe ; for hoſpitalitie

Went out of faſhion with crop-doublets

And cod-peeces : but I that have worne out

So many liveries under the worſhipfull

Old Gentleman your father.

Hart. My father had an office, which brought in
A faire revenew ; I inherit but

His little land, whoſe annuall profits wo'not

Encourage me to live at the ſame height :

Yee may meet better fortunes, there's enough

Preferment in the world ; my love and beſt

Aſſiſtance promiſe to your ſelves.

The Constant Maid.

Clo. I do not

Stand upon wages, Sir, I will not leave you.

Hart. How woot thou live?

Clo. As other mortals do; yet I'll not play
The thiefe, that is a course by which a man
May soone ascend the ladder of preferment:
But I ne're lov'd these climbing trees. I cannot
Cheat, though I have heard there is an art,
A devillish deale of knowledge in the dice;
And if men wonot part with money, some
Will fetch it out o'th' bones: but the best casting
Is in a Taverne, when the wine and reckoning
Come up together; some doe spin a living by't:
And there are many secret wayes for Serving-men
To live, it is not wages does maintaine
All of our Tribe, Sir; and especially
Those that have Mistresses.

Hart. But I am a Bachelor.

Clo. I pray let me be one of your buttons still then,
I am not halfe worne out; you know what mould
I'm made off, I did ever honest service;
And though my fellow Vermin can forsake
Your falling house, I doe not feare the rafters;
By this hand, Sir, I'll wait upon you, though
Like great mens servants, I do live on nothing
But looks, and the aire of commendations.

Hart. Well, since you are so resolute, attend me,
The rest I here discharge, there's somewhat more,
Not worth the name of bountie, I wish all
A happier entertainment.

2 *Serv.* And there be
No remedy, heaven bleesse you, Sir.

Clo. Pray give me leave to wet my lips with these
My fellowes, sorrow has made but a dry proverb,
I must toth' Taverne, and condole a quart.

Hart. Meet me at Mistresse Bellamies then.

Exit.

Clo.

The Constant Maid.

Clo. I shall, Sir.

Enter Playfare.

Play. How now Masters.

Clo. You speake not

To me, Sir, I am a servant still indeed;
With them the case is alter'd, they are masters,
For they want services.

1 *Ser.* Oh, Master *Playfare*.

2 It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,

3 This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

1 There was a time when mortals whetted knives.

2 In time of yore, when men kill'd brutish beasts.

3 Oh cruell Butcher, whosoe'er thou wert.

Clo. Do not you know what all this signifies?

Play. Not I.

Clo. My master has given over house-keeping.

1 He has committed Burglarie, broke up the cellar,
And throwne the kitchin out at the hall window.

Clo. His house, Sir, has a superscription,
And is directed to his loving friend
Will pay the rent, you'l hardly know me now,
I have no fellow.

Play. You are verie merrie, Sir.

2 He has some cause, we are discharg'd.

Clo: For certaine, my master only
Belongs to me, if you would speake with him,
He's gone to Mistresse *Bellamies*, Sir;
In the meane time, please you to understand,
I Close follow my master, and shall feed still,
Although my fellowes here are become blanks,
And do want filling.

Play. Lads, I have knowne you long:
Although you be at losse, in confidence
Of all your future honesties, I'll employ yee
In a device, which if it hit, may
Reward your paines.

Clo. All?

The Constant Maid.

Play. Your Master only, Sir, belongs to you,
Follow him still, and if there be occasion,
I shall enquire for you; you will be faithfull.

Ser. omnes. Doubt not, M. *Playfaire.*

Play. I have a project,
Follow me for instructions; farewell *Close*,
Commend me to your master.

2 Buoy *Close*, buoy honest *Close*, we are blanks, blanks.

Clo. Roule up your selves in paper-liveries, and
Be drawne at the next Lotterie; I wo't not
For sake my certaintie for all your projects,
If it should faile I shall find some of you
Sneaking in *Pauls* behind a pillar, with
A zealous prayer, some Gentleman would read
The bed-roll of your commendation,
And pitie a verie serviceable fellow,
That would faine wait on him, but wants a cloake;
Go, prosper with your project. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hornet, Mistresse Bellamy.

Horn. Widdow, be rul'd by me, I know the world,
And I have studied it these fiftie yeares:
There's no man to be trusted.

Bell. Without good
Securitie, you meane.

Horn. No young man, widdow,
That talks, and sayes he loves you, writes you verses,
And sweares he shall goe hang himselfe, unlessse
You pitie him; take me an old man.

Bell. So, take you an old man.

Horn. Season'd with care and thrift, not led away
By vicious conversation; nor corrupted
With pride and surfet, one that knowes the use
Of money; Do yee mark the use!

Bell. Yes, Sir:

Use upon use, you meane.

Horn. And dares not spend it prodigally, knowing

The Constant Maid.

The principall end it was ordain'd to, was
To releev our neccessitie, and lay up
What is above.

Bell. To help the poore.

Horn. You may,
If you be so dispos'd; but 'tis as commendable
To give it in your will, to build an Hospitall,
And so our charitie comes altogether:

I would not have your state be eaten up
By Catterpillers, but preserv'd and made
Greater, by marrying some discreet old man.

Bell. And such an one you shew your selfe.

Horn. You happily
Interpret me.

Bell. I would not tell you, Sir,
Till our next meeting, how much you have won,
By your good counsell, on me.

Horn. She inclines.
'Tis your good nature, I am plaine, and have
No tricks, I'll tell you all my fault, I am
Addicted verie much to gather wealth;
I have no children to devour my state,
Nor kinred, only a Neece left to my trust,
One that is never like to marrie.

Bell. Why?

Horn. She never thriv'd since she came to mee.

Bell. I easily beleeve it.

Horn. Melancholly
Will kill her, and yet I pursue all wayes
That promise her delight: I spare no cost
Of Physick, what her Doctor sayes, is done.

Bell. 'Tis lovingly perform'd.

Enter Hartwell and Mistress Frances.

Horn. What's she?

Bell. A Gentleman that beares my daughter much
Affection.

Horn

The Constant Maid.

Horn. Sure I have seene him.

Bell. Master *Hartwell*.

Horn. Oh, he's a beggar, or must be verie shortly.

Bell. Have you his lands in morgage?

Horn. Not yet, not yet; but he'll want money, widdow.

Bell. He has had good breeding.

Horn. Hang breeding, 'tis unlucky,

They never keep their state that have too much on't.

Counsell your daughter, *Mistresse Bellamy*,

To throw him off betime.

Bell. You direct well.

Horn. When we are married, I'll provide a match for her.

Bell. You have care on's.

Horn. It will become me.

Hart. Is he Suitor to your mother, Lady?

Fra. He would be such a thing: Were not I blest

In such a jolly father in law?

Hart. He looks like some cast money-bag, that had given up

The stuffing, and for want of use growne mouldy:

He dares not keep much fire in's kitchen, lest

Warming his hands, which rather looke like gloves,

So tann'd and thin, he let em scorch, and gather

Into a heap. I do not think he ever

Put off his clothes, he would run mad to see

His owne anatomy, that such a wretch

Should have so vast a wealth.

Fran. I woud not be his

Niece for all his fortune.

Hart. I presume

Your mother is more noble, than to encourage him

In his pretence, and her estate would mix

But ill with his ill-gotten wealth, extorted

From widdowes and from orphans, nor will all

His plentie keep his soule one day from famine:

'Tis time ill spent to mention him, let's talk

Of something else.

Fran.

The Constant Maid.

Fran. Of what ?

Hart. Of love agen,
Whose flame we equally divide.

Horn. Your table
Is a devourer, and they shut up doores
First, that keep open house and entertainments :
This Lord is feasted, and that young Ladies
Sweet tooth must have a banquet ; t'other old
Madam with ne're a tooth must have some marchpane
Corall to rub her gums withall ; these are
Ridiculous expences..

Bell. Far from thrift.

Horn. This roome has too rich furniture, and worse
Hangings would serve the turne ; if I may be
Worthy to counsell, costly pictures are
Superfluous, though of this, or t'other masters
Doing : Hang *Michael Angelo* and his oyles.
If they be given, y'are the more excus'd
To let 'em shew ; but have a care you let not
Appeare, either in Arras, or in picture,
The storie of the Prodigall, 'twill fright
Young Gentlemen that come to visit you
From spending o'their portions, whose riot
May enrich you with their forfeited estates ;
I have a thousand precepts more.

Bell. But do not
Think all this while of heaven.

Horn. 'Tis in my chest,
And multiplyed in everie bag.

Bell. Or hell.

Horn. A fable to fright fooles, or children ; but
I cannot stay, my Scrivener doth expect me,
I'll visit you another time, sweet widdow,
And give you more instructions.

Bell. Spare your travell,
I sha' not practise these in haste, and must

The Constant Maid.

Declare these precepts make not for your welcome :
My patience was a vertue all this while,
If you but think you have a soule, repent;
Your rules I am not covetous to follow,
Good master *Hornet*.

Horn. Live and be undone then :

You'll tell me another tale hereafter widdow.

Exit.

Enter Nurse and Close.

Nur. Letters from Master *Startup*, the countrey Gentleman.

Har. What's he ?

Fran. A Sutor of my Nurses commendations.

Clo. Now heaven deliver me, what have I seen ?

This monster once was shewne i'th' faire, or such
Another furr'd Baboone for all the world,
Do'st know him ? Why do I ask such a question ?
He's such a thing the Devill would not owne's
Acquaintance.

Nur. Master *Hornet*, the great *U*surer.

Clo. *Hornet* ? Nay then, my wonder's over, and the
Devill be but such another, they
May be sworne brothers ; yes, and divide hell
Betwixt em.

Hart. Who is that you talk on, Sir ?

Clo. The beast, that Heaven be thank'd, has left you,
Hornet ; but I ha newes for you.

Bell. *Frances*.

Hart. I'll heare it in the garden.

Exit Hart, Close.

Bell. Do you love
That Master *Hartwell* ? do not blush, but answer.

Fran. I hope you move not this, as if you doubted ;
I took him first, upon your character,
Into my good opinion.

Bell. But things alter :
What then I thought, I deliver'd yce ;
Nor since hath he deserv'd a lesse esteeme
In his owne person, but the circumstance

The Constant Maid.

Is not the same, his fortune I have examin'd,
Which rises not to such a value, I
Did apprehend ; and it becomes my care,
Being at one gift to depart with thee
And my estate, to look for one whose purse
May carrie a proportion.

Fran. Make me not
Imagine you would wed me to a heap
Of shining dust, a golden bondage.

Bell. Nor
To penurie ; his birth and education
Are not unworthy, he's a handsome man too ;
But be not govern'd by your eye too much :
Children and age pursue, and many stormes
Hover about our fraile conditions :
All these must be provided for, they are not
Kisses will arme you against winter, therefore
Confident of your obedience, I propound
Another to your best thoughts,

Fran. Oh my unhappinesse.

Bell. A Countrey Gentleman of spreading fortunes,
Young too, and not uncomely ; for his breeding,
It was not spun the finest, but his wealth,
Able to guild deformitie, and make
Even want of wit a vertue, when your life
Renders it selfe more sweet by your command ;
His name is Master *Startup*, whom I expect
Our guest to morrow, that's his letter, read it.
This may seeme strange at the first coming toward you ;
But when discretion comes to examine what
A fruitfull consequence attends it, you
Will thank me for't.

Fran. But with your pardon, mother,
Although I could dispence with my owne thoughts,
And frame them to obedience, will this change
Be for my honour, or my fame ? when such

The Constant Maid.

A noble Gentleman shall boast he had,
With your consent, my love ? or pray admit
That which we gaine by riches of the second,
Seeme to authorize, and may justifie
The act with some ; how can it cure the wound,
Which the poore heart, which loves, shall find too soone,
When 'tis neglected, and so cruelly,
Where it did hope for cherishing ? Oh think
How you did love my father first, and be
More gentle to your daughter, your estate
Is above needy providence, or grafting
Into a new stock ; it doth grow already
Fairst from his owne root, and doth want no peeing :
Nor are the meanes of *Hartwell* so contemptible.

Bell. No more : y^e have consider'd well, you'l shape
Another answer ; i^th' meane time dispose
Your countenance to entertaine this new
And able Lover : leave the satisfaction
Of *Hartwell* to my care :
He's here, to your chamber.

Enter Hartwell, Close.

Clo. I know not what's the trick on't, nor themselves yet ;
But he has a project to employ 'em all.

Hart. I wish it well ; but do you work your selfe
Into the opinion of her Nurse, she is
The *Major Domo*, and has all the intelligence.

Clo. Let me alone, I'll work her Sir like wax,
To print what forme you please upon her, 'tis
A Loving Crone already to me, I
Will speake her fairst, and in my drink may marrie her.

Bell. Master *Hartwell*.

Hart. About your businesse.

Exit Close.

Bell. There is a matter, Sir, which I must open,
And you perhaps will wonder at.

Hart. You prepare my attention.

Bell. You do love my daughter,

The Constant Maid.

At least I think so.

Hart. If you knew my heart,
You might be confident, in her I sum
All my desires on earth.

Bell. Be not so fixt,

Hart. How Lady?

Bell. When you have heard me out, you'l find
Your consent easie to call back a promise
Made to your disadvantage.

Hart. I acknowledge;
This makes me wonder; pray interpret Lady,
And speake the dialect I understand:
I love your daughter.

Bell. But must never glorie
In the reward which you expect should be,
Her marriage.

Hart. In the number of my actions
There is not one that's guiltie of so much
Offence to you, that I should be so soone
Lost to your favour.

Bell. Have no thought so poore
You can deserve lesse, my opinion
Is richer laden with your merit.

Hart. Now I feare agen, this violent turne of praise
Makes me suspect my state; if I be false,
Teach me to know my trespassse.

Bell. I ne're look'd
With such cleere eyes into your worth, and 'twere
A sin to generall goodnesse, to delay
The free resigne of that your worth may challenge.

Hart. If this be meant, pray pardon my mistake
Of something went before, love made me feare;
You said I never should enjoy your daughter
In marriage, which your selfe so late enclined to.

Bell. And must agen repeat, you cannot call
Her Bride.

The Constant Maid.

Hart. Can you forbid this happinesse,
And love me?

Bell. Yes, so deerly, *Hartwell*, I
Present my selfe to thy affection.

Hart. You fright my understanding.

Bell. Does the name
Of widdow sound displeasing, I have learn'd
Already to obey; my yeares are not
So many, with the thought, to freeze your bloud,
I weare no print of time deep in my brow:
Have my haire the innocence of age,
To speake me twice a child? Gentlemen active,
And of great birth, have courted my affection,
And if they flatter not, commend my person.
Adde unto this my wealth, no narrow fortune,
And without competition, my daughter,
Depending on my love, whose portion must
Flow from my bountie, or be nothing; make
A sober apprehension of this tender,
And think I was not able to suppress
My silent flame, increast still by your vertues:
This minute give all hopes up for my daughter,
I can admit no Rivall; 'tis within
Your election to be happie, Sir:
My love accepted comes with faire attendance,
Deny'd, you hasten your owne exile, think on't,
I will expect your answer.

Exit.

Hart. I am destroy'd:
Was it her mother that spake all this while?
As pilgrims, by mistake of some small path,
Having told many wearie steps, at night,
When their hopes flatter em, they are not far
From some kind entertainment, find themselves
Lost in a wilder nesse; so am I miserable:
Thus love delights to wound, and see us bleed,
He were a gentle god to kill indeed.

Exit.

ACT.

The Constant Maid.

Act. II.

Enter Close and Nurse.

Clo. A word of thy mouth does it, I am wearie
Of these indentures, like a foole, I was
In hope he should have married *Mistresse Frances.*

Nur. A beggar, she his wife; no, Master *Startup*,
Whom I prefer'd, must carrie her, he's a man
Of lands and money; I must tell you by
The way, he is little better than a foole.

Clo. The fitter for her husband, and my master.

Nur. Y'are in the right, he's innocent to your hands,
You may soone come to menage his estate.

Clo. Which if I do, thou shalt have all.

Nur. All what?

Clo. Why all that I can beg, borrow, or steale
From him; what should he do with so much riches?
I'll prompt my mistresse, after the first yeare,
To put him to his pension; he should pay
For's verie dict, and after a moneth or two,
For everie time he comes aloft.

Nur. Nay, I would wish her to begin betimes,
If she doe meane to rule the roost, I can
Give her some documents; and be you sure
To stick close to your Mistresse, there is something
To be got that way.

Enter Hartwell, Playfaire.

Clo. My most exquisite Varges,
How I doe love thy documents; but he's here,
I'll not be scene with thee, farewell, we'll talk
The rest at night over a Sack-poffet.

Exit Close.

Nur. I will use this advantage to orchearc'em.

Play.

The Constant Maid.

Play. You tell me strange things ; Is it possible
The widdow her selfe loves you ?

Hart. Would I had
But reason to suspect.

Play. Possible !
Turn'd Colt againe ? This love will kill us all :
And can she make no choyce, but where her daughter
Has the same longing ? not her dancing dayes
Done yet ? why there's no remedy, you must love her.

Hart. And violate my faith made to her daughter.

Play. Thou wot not be so much an Infidell,
To think I meane thou shouldst forsake the wench ;
Tell me the mother a fine tale of love,
Print kisses on her paper-lip, and hug
Her reverend body ; any thing but lye with her :
Write sonnets on the ivorie tooth afore,
Sweare she does cough distinctly, get a rime
To blesse her when she sneezes, and cry up
The method of her nose, which sweats and fals
So perpendicular upon her face :
Admire the wart upon her chin, and motion
Of her blew eyes, that look three wayes at once :
Praise her above thy reason, or her daughter ;
And then she will beleve thou mayst be mad for her.

Hart. Is this the way to doe me good ? she comes
Too fast on me already.

Play. Let her flye to thee,
Thou mayst clip her wings the sooner, this secures thee ;
Shou'd you hold off, and play the modest creature ;
Nay, but deny as Maids do when they love it,
And bending of your hams, cry, No forsooth ;
Professe with Coxcomb-like civilitie,
You are not worthy of her carnall favors :
She may beleve it, and in verie spight
Marrie her daughter to a Citizen :
Or should you be so mad, to think to win her

The Constant Maid.

To your first choise, with howling out your passion
For Mistresse *Frances*, plaining how *Don Cupid*
Hath scarrified your heart, you may go hang your selfe :
Go to the Barbers, let him firk your haire up,
Or get a perriwig ; wash your fullen face,
And starch your infant upper lip, to look
Like one that would run desperate on a widdow.

Nur. Precious conspiracie.

Play. This is the way :

At leisure you may tell your Maiden Mistresse,
Like *Jove* you have put another shape on,
To cheat the Beldam *Juno*.

Nur. Foule mouth'd Rascal.

Hart. I apprehend : th'ast given me good counsell,
I'll watch the first occasion, to assure
I have preferr'd her in my heart already.

Nur. I'll conjure up a crosse plot, and that quickly,
Shall mar your mirth, and pay your fine dissembling
As it deserves, my confident Love-gamester. *Exit Nurse.*

Play. I'll take my leave then, y'have no other service
To use my stay ? I have a project, *Hartwell*,
That must not be neglected.

Hart. May not I communicate ?

Play. Thou art engaged to wait
Vpon thine owne affaires, or I should trouble thee
To be an Actor in't ; thou knowest old *Hornet* ?

Hurt. He isa Sutour to the widdow,
And after the rate we cast the plot, my Rivall.

Play. I'll rivall him ; he smotheres a poore Gentlewoman
At home with sea-cole, and allowes her no
More light than serves to read in painted cloth
The exposition of the harlots storie :

Hurtwell, I love her, and before her father
Di'd we enterchang'd our hearts ; 'tis here,
To free her from that slavery she lives in
Vnder the iron-hearted Jaylor, else

The Constant Maid.

I shall repent my aime, he broods upon
Her portion still ; but I have a trick may spoile
His hatching of young bags, thou sha't know all
Hereafter ; to the Widdow, *Hartwell*, I am
For state affaires, be faithfull and pray for me ;
We must be bold, farewell, if something hit
Wee'll laugh in spight of *Dives* and the Devill.

Exit.

*Enter Startup, Mistresse Bellamy, Mistresse Frances,
Close, Nurse, Hartwell.*

Clo. This is the thing, Sir, that must carrie away
The garland, they have given him a cup
Or two of Sack, and has the prettiest humour,
He does so whistle out his complement :
He weares his feather like the Captaine of
A Countrey Teame, and would become a horse-collar
Rarely ; I do not think, but were he put to't,
With little switching, he would draw the cart well.

Star. Sweet Lady, I'm your humble servant, tis
Well knowne what I am, where I live, my father
Died since I was of age ; and left me, thank him,
A younger brothers portion :

Bell. A younger brother.

Star. I know, sweet Lady, what you'd say, My father
Had no more children, but I must speake modestly
Of my estate, I have land I know enough
For two or three wives ; I have a horse in towne,
Your daughter, if we please, shall ride behind me,
Sweet Lady, did you ever see the Countrey ?

Fran. What Countrey, Sir ?

Star. Why any Countrey living,
Sweet Lady, I am your humble servant, if
You affect hawking, hunting, or drinking,
There be good fellowes will beare you company ; but you have
better Sack, sweet Lady, is there good Tobacco in London ?

Clo.

Clo. Virginia Tobacco growes here, Sir.

Star. Sweet Sir, I am your humble servant, you
Seeme to be a Gentleman, will you fetch me a pipe?
There's halfe a peece, and I be not troublesome:
Perhaps, sweet Lady, 'twill offend you, then
Let it alone.

Clo. A verie precious Widgin : Gramercie Sack.

Star. Ta la la lero, &c.

Fran. You dance well, Sir.

Nur. He has a strong back, I warrant him.

Star. Sweet Lady, is this your daughter?

Clo. Ask that now?

Bell. I was her mother, Sir.

Star. That may be too: what Gentleman is that?

Sweet Sir, I am your humble servant likewise.

Hart. You are too humble, Sir, to stoop so low,
It would become my dutie.

Star. Sweet Sir, 'tis all one,
A leg or an arme is not cast away

Among friends, I am a Countrey Gentleman

All the world knowes, sweet Sir, I ha no businesse

In-towne.

Bell. I thought you came to see my daughter.

Star. That may be too, sweet Lady, pray uncase me,

I honour your faire daughter; for I know,

As well as another, what belongs to a Gentlewoman;

She's not the first, sweet Lady, I have lov'd

I'th' way of matrimony.

Hart. Were you ever married?

Star. Sweet Sir, no; all men are not alike.

Hart. For some are fooles.

Star. Sweet Sir, I do confesse it:

But wit is neuer good till it be bought.

They say there are good wits in towne,

I ha brought money a purpose to buy for it;

If any will sell me a penny-worth, I'll

The Constant Maid.

Give him a hundred peeces, 'cause I would carrie
A little downe into the Countrey.

Hart. Is there

A dearth, Sir, in your Countrey?

Star. Sweet Sir, no;

There's plentie.

Clo. Of wild oats; I heard you had much
To sow still.

Star. My servants have, sweet Sir; but 'tis all one, you
This Lady shall be Lord o' the Soyle: I wo'not

Give any man six pence for a bushell o' money;

I am a Gentleman, my father was

A Yeoman; but sweet Lady, howsoever

I'm yours, and everie limb is at your service;

My hands shall walk, my feet shall run.

Fran. Away, away.

Star. By this gold they shall.

Clo. He keeps his oath.

Star. Not run? my Grandfather was a Nobleman's Foot-man, A
and indeed he run his countrey; my father did outrun the Con-
stable.

Clo. And he, sweet Lady, being his fathers issue, must run na-
turally.

Star. If I live.

Clo. He'll run himselfe out of all.

Star. Not run, sweet Lady?

If you have occasion to use me, I wo'not stand upon my feet.

Fran. No, Sir.

Star. Nay, I wo'not stand upon my head, sweet Lady, to doe
you courtesie.

Fran. That were the cleane contrarie way.

Bell. Please you, a forrie dinner stayes for you.

Star. Sweet Lady, I am your servant: will this Gentleman
dine with us?

Bell. I'll prevaile with Master Hartwell.

Clo. Do yee know what you ha done? he's your rivall, invite
him?

Star.

The Constant Maid.

Star. Sweet Sir, I invite no body, if you love any body here?

Hart. What then?

Star. Sweet Sir, I shannot take it kindly, I do not use to quarrel.

Clo. But when y^eare beaten : lay him o're the face, hee sha' not wrong you.

Star. Sweet Sir, 'tis dinner time : faire Lady: *Exeunt.*

Clo. I had a great mind to have him beaten;

But he's not valiant, but at meales; would I

Were hired to beat him handsomely after dinner,

And make him thank me for't; I'll have a plot

Upon your precious body, my sweet Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Hornet, Playfares Cosen like a Doctor.

Horn. You tell me wonders, Sir.

Doct. I tell you truth:

Alas, you know I have no ends of profit,

I practise not for wealth.

Horn. Y^eare vertuous;

For that you were commended, Sir, to me:

You have a conscience, and wo'not take

Fees for a complement, nor make poore your friends,

To enrich Apothecaries.

Doct. I have cur'd her melancholly; but she's a t^other side

Now extreme merrie, dance and sing, all aire.

Horn. 'Tis strange, me thinks, nothing but extremities:

Good Master Doctor, could you not ha par'd

Her t^other leaden humor.

Doct. Sir, I could not

Kill the malignitie of her melancholly

Another way; extremities must be cur'd

With extreme applications: my next work

Shall be to abate this levirie of her braine,

And quallifie her spleene, Sir, by degrees;

So state her body in that modest temper

She was posselt of.

The Constant Maid.

Horn. I complain'd before
Of quietnesse, now she's all noyse and madnesse,
By your description.

Doct. You must have patience:
A month or so, she is not mad, but merrie,
Some few vagaries; you must understand
I have open'd, Sir, her fancie, wherein lay
All her imaginations confus'd,
And on a heap, smother'd for want of vent;
And now the spirits that were imprison'd
Rush out, which causes all her faculties,
Before oppress'd, to exercise so strangely,
As the agitation of her tongue will manifest:
Shee's here.

Enter Neece.

Neece. Vnckle, how does your body? you appear
As leane as Lent, I've a great mind to dance
About a May-pole, shall we?

Horn. She is mad.

Neece. This Doctor has so tickled me,
I cannot chuse but laugh, ha, ha.

Vnckle, if you'l procure a dispensation
To marrie me your selfe, deduct the charge
Out of my portion, I could love an old man
Rarely, An old man with a bed full of bones, &c.

Sings.

Vnckle, when did you put on a clean shirt?
D'ye heare, I dreamt o'th' Devill last night,
They say 'tis good luck; doe you know him, Vnckle?

Horn. I know the Devill?

Neece. He's a fine old Gentleman,
And something like you, no such Bug-bears as
The world imagines, you an he'll keep house
Together one day; but you'll burne Sea-coale
To save charges, and stink the poore soules so.

Vnckle,

The Constant Maid.

Vnckle, you are not merrie, I pray laugh
A little : imagine y'had undone a widdow,
Or turn'd an Orphan begging ; ha, ha, &c.
Faith how many Churches doe you meane to build
Before you dye ? six bells in everie steeple,
And let 'em all goe to the Citie tune,
Turneagen *Whittington* ; who, they say,
Grew rich, and let his land out for nine lives,
'Cause all came in by a Cat : but let me counsell you
To dye at all adventures, great men doe't in policie.

Horn. Why does she talk of dying ? she's stark mad.
Could you not put into the next receipt
Something to make her sleep well ? *Opium*
In a good quantitie, they say, will do't.

Doct. I'll so proportion it, she shall never wake :
I did it for a Merchants wife last weeke,
Which loved a Knight : a great man, not long since
Was wearie of his Countesse, and I cur'd him
So artificially of his disease.

Horn. She heares.

Doct. But collects nothing ; all her senses are scatter'd.

Neece. Stay, you shall give towards the building of a Church
Nothing, see the money first laid out,
That's given already ; it were sin and pitie
To abuse the dead : but 'tis no matter, Vnckle,
You'll be as famous for pulling downe the parish,
The Church will fall of it selfe, With ding dong bell. *Sings.*
Why did they put the poore fellow in prison ?

Horn. Whom ? what fellow ?

Neece. Why the Corne-cutter :
Poore Gentleman, he meant no hurt to the Citie,
His feet were verie wearie, and that made him
In everie street cry out ; Ha yee any cornes
In your head or toes ? that head spoyl'd all.

Enter Pursevant.

Purs. Which is Master *Hornet* ?

Horn.

The Constant Maid.

Horn. Ha, with me?

Purs. A word, Sir.

Neece. Prethee, what's he? he comes to borrow money
On his wives wedding-ring, or his child's whistle:
You may see by his nose he has no land, he looks
As a Hawke; what do you dreame on?
What Ladies timpany is your next cure?
Or whose stale body must be rectified
Next with a glister?

Purs. There is no disputing, I must attend you.

Horn. I am sent for by a Pursevant to his Highnesse;
Alas, I am undone, I never saw him,
How should he know me, a poore wretch?

Dock. Is't not some complaint, think you?

Horn. That's my feare, there be
Too many knaves i'th' world, and a man cannot
Grow rich; but one State-Surgeon or other
Must practise on his purse; before this Judge
A veine is open'd in the other Court,
So many ounces he must bleed agen:
Let me see, all the treason I committed
Is that I shifted houses; for I took
Delight to couzen him of his subsidies;
I alwayes live obscurely, to avoyd
Taxations, I never pay the Church
Her superstitious tithes, nor come to trouble
Sermons, for feare of homilies before,
That beg for burning.

Neece. Why how now, Vnckle, is your Scrivener broke,
You talk such lamentation?

Horn. I am sent for to the King, Neece, & shall be made a beggar
As I was borne; I see my chattell ceas'd,
This chest is ranlackt, and that bag desflour'd,
My doore seal'd up, and with this hungrie Messenger,
I am already marching to the Fleet.

Neece. Nay, and you be at that ward, I must leave you,

Farewell,

The Constant Maid.

Fare well, pray do not lift my Uncle too hard ;
And so I leave you both to the mercy of the Bear-garden.

Dott. Best make fast her Chamber.

Horn. I, I, cursed dog.

Dott. Wo' not some money quallifie your haste ?

Purs. Deale in your owne affairs ; Will you go sir ?

Horn. Go, I must go.

Dott. I'll take my leave ;

Have comfort, sir, this cloud may soon blow over.

Exit.

Horn. Yes, when I am blowne up ;

I reade imprisonment in his very looks,

And all my gold confiscate.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse and Startup.

Nurs. I heard her say she would walke up to her chamber,
The trick was but to teach him whither he
Should follow ; who as nimble apprehended,
To acquaint her with his new affections :
I do this for your good, that *Mistris Frances*,
Whom I'll send to you presently, may be
Convinced in *Hurtwell's* falshood, and transplant
Her love on you.

Start. This will be excellent ;
So we shall strangle him in his owne nooze,
And he nere know who hurt him.

Nurs. I'll loose no time, you know my instructions.

Start. I had almost forgot, there is a cast of angels more.

Nurs. They are not cast away.

Star. If thou dost fear they'll drowne, *Nurse*, I can give thee
Lighter, I have some want weight.

Nurs. If you have an evill angel about you,
Your businesse will thrive better when 'tis departed.

Star. There.

Nurs. Now all the good ones wait upon your worship. *Exit.*

Start. These things that go to and agen, must have
Their fees, they'll never speak in cause else.
Save you sweet Lady.

Enter Frances

The Constant Maid.

Fran. Kinde Mr. *Startup*.

Start. Yes, I am kinde if you knew all, but you are
Deceiv'd in some body; love, and love your heart out,
The party does not care a button for you.

Fran. What party?

Start. No, I am a fool, a countrey clod, sweet Lady,
Not worth one of your Shoor-tyes, no not I;
I do not know who makes an ass of you.

Fran. How fit?

Start. A gull, a coxcomb, I am a sham'd you have
So little wit; Tell me, and tell me truely,
Who loves this face of yours besides my selfe.

Fran. Although it were immodest to commend it,
I must thus far, in gratitude to nature,
Acknowledge it no monster, I have seen
One more deform'd.

Start. Sweet Lady I know that;
A worse face would become the Countrey, nay,
There are but fifteen women in the parish
I live in, of which, twelve are counted witches,
And wear beards: But it troubles me, sweet Lady,
You should be such an owle.

Fran. This is course language.

Start. Not to see who abuses you; Oh I could
Now finde in my heart to baste you, baste you soundly:
You think Mr. *Hartwell* loves you.

Fran. I
Believe he hates me not.

Start. You lye.

Fran. Good words.

Start. You lye most basely, he affects your mother.

Fran. My mother? this fool's mad.

Start. I would it were,
The fashion for women to weare swords.

Fran. What then?

Start. I'de breath you into a little understanding,

I say

The Constant Maid.

I say agen, and she is the son of darknesse
Denyes it ; Mr. *Hartwell* loves your mother.

Fran. I hope he does.

Start. Oh I could kick your ignorance :
He does love her in the way of Matrimony,
And makes a property of you ; I'll justifie it.

Fran. It is impossible,

Start. D'ee know that couple ? *Enter Hartwell and Bellamy.*
Step behinde the hangings, and you may
Both hear and see : I say no more, sweet Lady,
I am a rustick puppy, and know nothing.

Hart. I have considered perfectly, and if
You will vouchsafe me hearing, dare poure forth
My heart, which, full of love, tenders it selfe
To your acceptance ; I acknowledge, Lady,
My passions are but young, for could I hope
You should with so much favour look upon me ?

Bell. But may I credit this ?

Hart. But suspect were an injustice to my faith, which lookes
Upon your vertue with as much religion
As love is able to receive ; your age
Hath strooke a reverence into my eye ;
And what you want of youth and spring upon you,
Your wisdome richly satisfies : Those characters
Which time hath writ upon your carefull forehead,
Are but his vertue and your ornament,
When it shall come to passe by your example,
That youth shall be esteemed an infancy,
And women never ripe for love or Marriage
Without your age upon 'em ; 'tis a fault,
That men not guided by the tract of reason,
But heat and wantonneffe of blood, run giddy
To seale such weighty Covenants, better 'twere
The world should end in our virginities,
Than spin it selfe more length by inconsiderate
And hasty marriages.

The Constant Maid.

Bell. Have you already
Retriv'd the affection that pursu'd my daughter?
Shall I beleeve no seed of love remains,
Which may grow up and ripen, with repentance
For this exchange; I do allow you, sir,
The consideration of my fortune, which
Might of it selfe, incline you to accept me.

Hart. That is but an attendant, as you use it,
I must confesse a welcome one; although
The minde is the first beauty, which true love
Aspires to, when 'tis waited on with person
And estate, it comes with greater priviledge
To win upon's; I do not wish you, Lady,
Rashly beleeve what I professe, but measure
My service by the triall; I'll expect
And write your smiles a competent reward,
Till time and your command, demonstrate me;
Although not equall to your full deservings,
Yet one that has ambition to bethought
Not too unworthy.

Bell. And I ghesse ere long,
Such an occasion will present it selfe.

Hart. Till then, have *Hartwell* in your loving memory,
Who wishes no more happinesse of life,
Than to be call'd yours.

Fran. What have I understood?

Start. Will you beleeve me another time, sweet Lady?
If I loved you not, what would become on you?

Fran. It is not he, some devill does but cozen us,
And mock our sense with these phantastick bodies,

Hartwell. Al

Star. Nay 'tis the man; I hope you'll be converted,
And think a Countrey Gentleman worth favour,
That brought you to this knowledge; I deserve—

Fran. My curses for this black discovery,
When as before 'twas not impossible,

The Constant Maid.

In time I might be brought to pity thee;
Henceforth I'll look upon thee as my sins,
And beg as much forgiveness that I knew thee.

Start. Nay d'ee but hear.

Fran. Die quickly, and be forgotten.

Start. This is very fine ifaith, sweet Lady.

Fran. My mother, oh my fate, see me no more,
And Ile forgive thee.

Start. Thanke you, most sweet Lady,
Is my discovery come to this? I'de better
Ha'been tongue-ty'd; Curse me, and call me her sins,
And see her no more? why this is worse and worse;
I must suck better counsell from the *Nurse*.

Exeunt.

Act. III.

Enter Nurse and Startup.

Nurs. Fye, fie, I am a sham'd of you, a Gentleman
Of your high promising, and be put off
So slightly?

Start. Why *Nurse*, what would you ha' me do?

Nurs. Do? I would have you do something; a man
Of your ability, and cannot turne
And winde a woman?

Star. You wo'd not ha' wish'd me
To ha' put her to't behinde the hangings?

Nurs. You should ha' been round with her.

Start. I was round with her. I call'd her ass and coxcombe,
And twenty more names, unlesse I should
Ha' call'd her whore, I could not be more round with her.

Nurs. I do not mean that way.

Start. And she call'd me,
I thank her.

Nurs. What?

Start. Why no worse than her sins, heaven forgive her,

The Constant Maid.

She has the more to answer; nay, she did
Not stick to bid me die too, in that desperate
Estate.

Nurs. Come, you shall take another course.

Enter Clo.

Clo. What ayles my Masters sweet-heart, she frightened
I met and askt her for my Master, and
She turn'd tayle lik a hound had lost the scent;
There's something in the winde, my three pil'd worship
Are you there with my Lady o'th Larder,
Now in that posture? do not they two look like
A fine Brick house and a thatched Barne in the Countrey,
Laying their heads together? they ha' spied me.

Nurs. Come hither *Clo.*, nay he's faithfull, and one that
Has a desire to serve you; you may trust him.

Clo. Your worship may trust me a bed with— I
Have had a itch this great while, sir, a kinde
Of longing to be one of your appurtenances:
I have some faults, and I'll confesse 'em; I have
A humour now and then, when I am ask'd
A question, to tell true, though I be chid for't;
And I do not love blowes; you may sooner beat
My braines out, than a word of flattery:
I cannot batten upon commendation,
Without my wages, nor be valiant
Upon small Beere; I am not overmuch
Given to be drunke, but I've a tricke o'th Dutchman,
To do your businesse as well drunke as sober:
I have not impudence enough to pimper
For you, but I have a gift I can say nothing:
I was borne upon Shrovetuesday, and shall be
Now and then given to rebellion:
My flesh will once a year rise at a Chamber-maid;
If none such take me downe, I shall in malice
And deep revenge, fling out upon May-day,
Among the Prentices, without fear or wit.

Star.

The Constant Maid.

Star. I like this humour.

Nurs. Nay he has a sconce,
And shall be of our counsell : Look you *Clofe*,
There is a plot to helpe this Gentleman;
At night when they're a bed, and if you went
To bed betimes, to avoid suspicion,
'Twere nere the worse; I'll say you are not well:
D'ee marke? this honest, honest Gentleman shall be
Let into Mistris *Francis* Bed-chamber.

Clof. Without her knowledge?

Nurs. You shall only attend,
To give him notice from me when to come,
And watch about the house, he may get off
Without discovery; this is all.

Clof. So, so, I sha' not keep the doore.

Nurs. I can do that.

Clof. Let me alone to give you notice who
Stirs about house. *Enter Hartwell.*

Nurs. Away, 'tis Mr. *Hartwell*;
We'll not be seen together.

Clof. Go your wayes;
A foolish Knave and Bawd, that do want nothing
But carting; I would sooner see that triumph,
Than all the Pageans, a day after *Symon*

And *Jude*, when the fine City goes a feasting.
Oh Sir, I have newes; yes, they are gone, brave newes;

Your Gentlewoman can hold out no longer;
This night there will be a stratagem:

Old Madam Humpe a pompe, the *Nurse*, has promised
To admit the Countrey Gentleman, when all

Are a bed, into her chamber; yes, your Mistris:
I'm o'th' plot, to lye *Perdue*, and give

The word, if any Fire-lock approach
The rest; imagine if he have now and to

Perfwade her to the feat with him, yet there
Be tricks, and he may be surprized in the Chamber,

And

The Constant Maid.

And she may be compell'd to marry him in
Her owne defence; there have been such devises.

Hart. Does he consent?

Clos. She is betraid to'r, sir.

Hart. Then thou wo't be so base?

Clos. And I had meant it,

I nere had told you this: can you make use
Of this intelligence?

Hart. Thou art my honest servant.

Clos. I promis'd to be his.

Hart. I have it; Canst

By any meanes procure me but his clothes?

Clos. With ease, he'll go to bed betimes, to avoid
Suspicion; that's a part of our designe.

Hart. I could not wish a happy opportunity,
To try how she affects this gaudy foole,
And clear my faith to her, which her mothers watch
Will not permit; she has, I feare, perceiv'd
My new familiarity with her mother,
Which I am compell'd too, and must cleer this way:
Faile me not, *Clos.*, and propound thy owne
Reward.

Clos. Tell me your purpose, and let my wit
Dispose of him.

Hart. Prosper me love in this.

Clos. And you fall to prayers
With good love, look about us, I shall suspect
You wo't thrive; you should go to a wench,
As Gentlemen to Oysters, without ceremony
Or saying grace; devotion will spoileall.

Exeunt. A.
Enter Playfaire and his Consen.

Cous. Right as an Arrow Couze.

Play. Witty enginere;
But was she taken with the plot?

Cous.

The Constant Maid.

Conf. I was compell'd to frame the outside of a reason,
Lest our owne mirth should play the Traytor with us,
Her spleene was so dilated, he beleev'd
I have made her mad, which change makes for us.

Play. Excellent.

Conf. And he that we employed, the Purseuant,
Shew'd such a fierie Raskall, the poore Usurer
Trembled, as Bawds beneath the lash.

Play. He comes then?

Conf. With as much joy, as to receive a hanging :
He would be whipt, and say his prayers i'th' Church
In a white sheet.

Play. That were no pennance to him.

Conf. Nay, he would pay as much as he should fine
For Alderman, though halfe his soule went with it,
For his quietnesse ; he doth apprehend
Nothing but earth-quakes.

Enter three Lords.

Play. How am I rampant
With the imagination ? bid the musick
Be ready, they know all their flourishes ;
But shift you quickly for your other part,
My honourable Lords ;
How they doe look like States-man, where's your tooth-pick ?
Excellent ; beare your staffe handsomely, contract
The brow, and look more superciliously.

1. I warrant you for my part.

2. We came now
From practise.

Play. Can ye do't with confidence ?

3. These verie clothes have made me proud already,
It was some Lords cast sute ; I'll lay my life, *Enter one*

1. And mine, it smells of honour, *with perfume.*

Play. So, so, how now man ?

2. He looks pale : My Lord, how d'ee ?

The Constant Maid.

1. Well, well, I hope 'tis but conceit.

3. Of what?

1. Will the pox lye in clothes? I cannot tell,

I finde some alteration in my body,

Sinbe I shifted.

Play. 'Tis a meece conceit,

They were an honest maids, upon my knowledge,

A Captaine of the traine Band in the Countrey,

They were brought against the generall Muster last,

He wore 'em that day, and to Church the Sunday

Following, and most carefully sent 'em up,

To taste our London Lavender.

1. Sir, you have satisfied me.

Play. Be sprightly; where's this Prince?

See and attend him in fit state.

Enter Cousen for the King, and Lords, Sir Clement. Flourish.

2. He's here.

Play. Now by that sprig, a pretty Majesty;

But wo't thou not be out of thy Kings part?

And when the Wine is wanting at the Banquet,

Call upon drawers, quarrell with your Nobles,

Or when we shall present our man of mortgages,

Take him aside, and borrow halfe a crowne,

To give your whore benevolence, which trusted

For you last tilting, or be drunke too soone,

And leave our project in the dirt.

Cous. My Lords,

This fellowes insolence must be corrected;

Dispose him in what prison you think fit.

Lo. He's mad, I thinke.

Cous. To Bedlam with him then,

Is this a place for fools or mad men, who

Admitted him? take him, see you

He be well whipt, and let him thanke our mercy,

Bandog.

Play.

The Constant Maid.

Play. I quake already, excellent *Warbeck*,
Cool, cool thy lungs, and whisper with some Lord,
Thou wot't be a key too high else, good *St. Clement*,
Master of the house, at whose cost we are entertain'd.

St. Cle. My part is rotten
In my head, doubt not.

Enter Pursevan.

Play. Is he come?

Pursf. He waits in the first chamber.

Play. Let the Lutes

Begin, and their best voice, and then admit him. *Soft Musicke.*

Enter Hornet.

Horn. Here's revelling, my purse must be squeez'd for't:
That's the King, the rest are bare; how supple they are
I'th hams, that Courtier has Oyl'd his joynts,
He looks this way, they point at me; a rot
O'that knaves finger.

1 *Lo.* What fellow's this? who waits?

Pursf. It was his graces pleasure, he was sent for,
My good Lord.

1. *Mr. Hornet?*

Let me have the honour to present him.

War. Is this the man whom all so much commend
For his ability.

Horn. I smell no good from that word, ability.

War. Discreet and read i'th'Common-wealth, a man
Fit for employment in the State.

2. The very same.

War. His countenance is promising.

St. Clem. If the King of *Spaine*
Had but his head, that politick head,
I know who might go fish for the Low-Countryes.

War. His garments are but coarse.

St. Cle. His minde is rich.

Hor. They praise me, I am a thousand pound the worse for't.

3. Wilt please your Majesty?

The Constant Maid.

War. Kneel downe; Thy name?

Horn. Giles *Hornet*, your poore creature.

War. Rise up, Sir *Giles Hornet*.

Horn. But am I Knighted?

Lords. We congratulate your honour.

Horn. What must I pay for it?

I'll tell it any friend of yours againe.

For halfe the money.

War. Some have care to give

His body more becomming ornaments;

He shall be like himselfe; and then we will confer

More honors on him. *Exit Purseuant.*

Lo. Do you make hast, his Grace

Will have you new thatch'd; you must have clothes

Fitting your State and honorable title.

Horn. These will be good enough for me; 'las I am not able.

Lo. Nay, you must have 'em from his Wardrobe, sir,

They'll cost you nothing; You'll not looke in those,

Like a poore Knight of *Windsor*.

War. When he is ready, give us knowledge.

Lo. Yes, sir. *Exeunt, Floutrish.*

Horn. What will become of me?

Lo. You were best prepare,

Your cloathes will be here presently, the King

Will send for you before you be ready; Cast

Your old skin off; Do you not, to save sheets

And trouble, wrap your selves a nights 'th blankets?

Or are they ashamed to shew the Linings?

Horn. Hum? if this be but preparative to a whipping,

What case am I in? *Enter servants with cloakes.*

Lo. Well said, now they are come;

Be nimble now, and helpe to fit *S^r Gyle*.

Horn. Alas, must I weare this doublet? it would yield

Heaven knowes how much to burne.

Lo. You may be desperate

When 'tis on, and burne your body with it, sir.

The Constant Maid.

Horn. I sha' not know my selfe.

Lor. Be that time we ha' done wi' ye.

Ser. Fit as they were made, sir.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. Which is Sir Gyles?

Horn. I am the man you please to call Sir Gyles.

Play. Then I congratulate your happy fortune;

Y^e are like to be exalted, his Grace talks

Much on you, I'll be proud to be your servant;

My Lord, a word.

Horn. What Gentleman is that?

Ser. The Bridegroom, Sir, in great favour, I can tell you,

And new created by his Highnesse, Baron

Of Landskip; his living is far off.

Horn. My very good Lord, my breeches are almost on.

Ser. There be the Keyes.

Horn. His Grace has pleas'd to shine upon

A piece of barren earth.

Play. You are too modest;

The King has been informed, Sir Gyles, you are

One of the ablest men in his Dominion:

Should vertue still be cloath'd in rags? Advance it

To honour, and regard you waste your braine

At home, in cheap and low engagements, sweat

Your soule out, for a poore and paltry living;

Old houses, let 'em fall to the dull Lord

O'ch' Manner; switch me up a Towne together,

Or meddle not; This or that stragling Acre's

Not worth your care; Study some Monopoly,

May sweep the Kingdome at a stake; Despis

A project wo'not bring in halfe the City;

Finde out a way to forfeit all the Charters;

Have an Exchequer of your owne, and keep

The Princes round about in pension:

These are becomming businessses, and speake

An active State-man.

The Constant Maid.

Horn. You do talk strange things,
My Lord.

Play. His keyes are things verie
Materiall to our businesse.

1 Lo. And I have 'em.

Play. So, so:
I will account it one of my felicities,
To be a witnesse of your Honour, Sir.

Horn. Oh, my good Lord of Landskip.

Ser. How shall we dispose these?

1 Lo. The Hang-man will not have them, and I feare,
They will corrupt a well; faith give them stable rooine.

Enter 3 Lord.

3 Lo. My Lord, the King asks for you; **Good Sir Gyles.**
Write me i'th' number of your faithfull friends.

Play. We must attend.

1 Lo. Do not yet say he's ready,
The Barber has a dutie to dispatch,
He will be houres a rubbing, washing, powdering,
Then I'll attend him to his Presence.

Play. We shall excuse him so long, still your servant.

1 Lo. The Barber, fir, attends in the next roome.

Horn. I wo'not shave.

1 Lo. He feares his throat.

Horn. I never give above three-pence.

1 Lo. Talk not you of charge,
You have but yet your welcome; do not you
Think, good fir Gyles, but we can have you too. **Exeunt.**

Enter Close, Startup in his shirt.

Star. Where is he, **Close?**

Clo. I told him, fir,
You lay in a chamber o'th t'other side,

The Constant Maid

The house, whither he is gone with his sword drawne,
And curses of themselves able to kill you :
You did affront him once, and now his Mistressse
Has quite neglected him, for your love, he thinks :
He'll make you an example to all Rivals ;
I'll bring your clothes hereafter, yet your feare
And running, sir, will keep you warme enough.

Star. Honest *Clo*, thou hast sav'd my life.

Clo. Death, is he not behind you ? this way, good sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, and Mistressse Frances.

Nur. Ha' you not made a fine choyce, I did ever
Think he was false ; your mother did but counterfeit
The love-sick widdow all this while, to trie him.

Fran. Trie him, Nurse.

Nur. She told me so her selfe,
Assuring him the state was hers, and you
At her devotion ; put him to his choyce,
To take her with the wealth, or you with nothing :
What followed, you have heard, come be wife yet,
And love the Countrey Gentleman that dotes on you ;
He's rich, and halfe a foole, I'll fetch him to you.

Fran. My mother counterfeit ? why may not *Hartwell*
Pretend as well as she, fearing her anger
And policie, if he refus'd her love ?
I have observ'd some sorrow in his gestures,
As he were willing to deliver something,
If opportunitie would give him leave :
He cannot be so false, now I suspect
He does obey some dire necessitie :
'T would puzzle a wife lover to be so
Severely put to't.

Nurse brings in Hartwell in Starraps clothes.

Nur. On like a bold Captaine,
Give her a broad side, she's within your shot,

The Constant Maid.

I'll leave you.

Fran. 'Tis the foole, Why Nurse?

Hart. Nay, fly not before you heare.

Fran. 'Tis *Hartwell*.

Hart. If my voyce

Betray me not.

Fran. Why in this shape? some trick in't,

He hides his face. I'll put him to't however,

Although the houre be unseasonable, any time.

We may expresse our joy: my Nurse once told me

You were not well, and gone to bed, your health

Is welcome as my owne; I dare not, sir,

In modestie presume to bid you stay,

And to requite your paines, kind Mr. *Startup*.

Hart. She knowes me not.

Fran. Forgive me if I blush,

I have no other way, but to declare

My eyes that late frown'd on your love shall smile.

Hart. On me?

Fran. On none but you: I have beene too

Unkindly dealt withall by *Hartwell*, whom

How dearly I affected, good Heaven knowes:

But I have read discretion to my fancie,

And were he here, he should be witness of

My vov'es to you, if you accept my heart,

And can with equall truth embrace it, I

Will chuse my husband here; you only you,

This faith be registred in Heaven, shall challenge

from me a wifes obedience.

Hart. Planet-struck.

Nur. Away, your mother's up; I wou'd not for

A thousand pound the find you in this chamber.

Fran. I have undone my selfe.

Nur. Sweet Mr. *Startup*, to your owne lodging,

Take that close lanthorne with you.

Passion of me, what makes her rise?

Hart.

The Constant Maid.

Hart. I will discover yet.

Nur. Discover; what?

Ha, M^r. Hartwell.

Hart. You ha' midnight plots.

Nur. Oh, we are wretched, miserable, what have I done?

Hart. Oh, who shall lead me to a world where are
No women? Farewell all, I'll be above
Your charms, and find out death, a cure for love. *Exit.*

Act. IV.

Enter Startup, Close.

Start. Where are we now? 'tis verie cold, why do'st not
Lead me to some house?

Clos. What, at this time a night?
All people are a bed, the verie Owles
Are in their dead sleep; or if we could
Be admitted, would you venture a this fashion,
And publish your disgrace, proclaime your selfe
Coward, and lay some imputation
Upon the place you came from, where your hopes
May yet be faire for marriage? This brunt over.
To meet some Drunkard now were comfortable,
Whole eyes enflamed might serve for torches,
Or he might spit flapdragons from his fire
Of sack, and light us: But no sober man,
Considering what case you are in, sir,
By my consent should see you.

Start. Ha, what's that?

Clos. Where, where? a fire-drake.

Start. Now 'tis gone: 'tis bright
Agen, Is't not a spirit? Oh deliver me.

Clos. I have heard some such things use to walke the fields.

Start. What shall I do?

The Constant Maid.

Clos. Pray, pray with as much strength
As if you had no land, or were confined
To my annuity : Now I feare no spirits ;
This riches makes us cowards ; Hide your selfe,
I will go neerer.

Star. Dost know the devill if thou seest him, *Clos* ?
A pox of love, if this be the reward on't ;
Some call it fire, but I finde no such matter ;
I am frozen to the Blanket, and my teeth
Strike one another, and keep time like hammers
That beat a Psalm upon the vertuous Anvile ;
I do beleve if they were beaten out,
They would make false Dyce, there's quicksilver in 'em,
I know already by their dancing.

Clos. Sir, where are you ?

Star. Here I am still.

Clos. Y'are a dead man.

Star. More terrour ? what's the matter ?

Clos. 'Tis my Master with a dirke
Lanthorne, that pursues us : By

This darknesse, 'tis his voice, wrap your selfe up,
And roule into some ditch, flight will betray us.

Star. I had as good be kill'd, but yet I'll venture. *Exit.*

Clos. 'Tis he indeed, and more than I expected :
The matters do not fadge well with his Mistris.

Enter Hartwell.

Hart. What a sweet thing is night ? how calme and harmlesse ?
No whispering, but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven playes Musick to the birds that slumber ;
Here are no objects to betray our sence
To repentance, nor can women, thus
Advantag'd by the Tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undoe poore man :
What a fine book is heaven ? which we may read
Best now, when every Star is a faire letter :
How much they wrong thee night, which call thee guilty

The Constant Maid.

Of rapes and murders : 'Tis the day, that like
A glorious whore, engages men to act 'em,
And taking then the darknesse to obscure 'em :
We unjustly lay the shame upon thy browes,
That art so innocent ; Thou never sawest them
Befriended with this silence ; I begin
To wander : There's no wildernesse abroad,
To him that's lost at home,

Clof. Sir.

Hart. Who's that ?

Clof. One that has taken paines for you to night :
I am *Clofe*.

Hart. What mak'st thou here ?

Clof. I wait upon

My charge ; I led your Rivall a proceſſion
In's ſhirt, perſwading him you had reſolv'd
To cut his throat elſe ; he's hard by at's prayers,
And thinks you ha' purſued him.

Hart. Ha, I'll do't ;

Shew me the foole, by all my hopes I'll kill him,
And ſend his baſe heart as a preſent to her :
Fate has preſerved me with this revenge,
And I will not delay his death a minute.

Clof. You wo't kill him baſely ?

Hart. No.

Clof. Why then

There is no feare but he'll live long enough ;
I'll undertake he nere ſhall go provided
To fight w'ee ; and for other ſatisfaction,
Name it, and take it ; ſo I'll fetch him to ye.

Hart. Stay, I have been too paſſionate, let him live
To be her puniſhment ; that's revenge enough,
While I purſue my owne wayes.

Clof. Whither now ?

Hart. Whither thou muſt not follow, by thy honeſty,
I charge thee come not after me.

The Constant Maid.

Clof. That binds my attendance, sir.

Hut. But not when I command

The contrary, if thou dost move this way,
Thou drawest my anger : Minde the preservation
Of the same thing you undertooke ; Farewell,
If thou dost love me, follow not, nor question
'Tis in my power to loose thee or my selfe.

Exit.

Clof. I cannot see i'th' darke with spectacles,
And mine owne eyes ha' lost him o'the suddaine ;
Well, I must hope the best ; What shall I do
With my hen-hearted lover, that would give
Halfe his estate his colde fit were well over :
I shall make worke for the Physitians :
Caudles and Cullices will nere restore him ;
If he but scape with life, I am not sorry,
He may be a souldier, and indure the trenches ;
I put him first to the becomming sufferance :
But what are these ? an army of hornes and Halberds ?
Upon my conscience, the Watch ; I thought
The fields had not been haunted with these goblins :
I cannot run ; If I should squat, and they finde me,
There were no mercy but Bride-well,
Or some such lovely place ; I am resolv'd
To cast away a few good words upon 'em,
A leg and worshipping ; the Constable
That leads the rusty Regiment will quit me,
I passe the gates wo't often, and so may
The devill if he pay the Porter ; blesse you :

Enter Constable and Watch-men.

My masters what a clocke is't ?

1. Who's there ?

Const. I charge you stand.

Clof. Your worship may do much.

Const. Where have you beene ?

Clof. At *Islington*, and please you, about businesse.

Const. Some thiefe, I warrant him, no honest man,

I know

The Constant Maid.

I know by his basket hilt, some rogue that watches,
The fields are pester'd with such sturdy robbers.

Clo. He is a rogue that watches, for my part.

Con. He calls my watchmen rogues,

1. How Mr. Constable? you are one your selfe,

Const. Away with him.

Clo. Good Sir.

2. We will provide you a lodging.

Clo. Where?

Con. New prison.

Clo. But are you in earnest, Gentlemen?

If there be no remedy.

2. We'll humble you.

Clo. I have a companion hereabouts : where are you Sir?

Star. Here in the ditch.

Const. They seldome go alone :

We'll finde him out ; ha sirra.

Enter Watch-men and Startup.

Star. I thanke you honest men : where art thou *Clo*se ?

Clo. Here ; these good men will helpe us to a lodging.

Star. Blessing on their hearts, I am almost starv'd.

Const. Yes, we'll do you that favour ; Come away, sir.

Star. Whether shall we go now?

Clo. To prison.

Star. How, *Clo*se?

1. You shalbe close enough:

Star. D'ee heare, sweet Gentlemen?

Clo. I follow, Sir, I cannot leave you in adversity ;

All this is for your health, cleane straw is warme, sir ;

You have the benefit of being naked :

I shall have worke to morrow in the woollen.

Const. Away, away ; bring them away.

Exeunt.

Mistris Bellamy and Nurse.

Bell. I heard some noise ; looke, call up the servants,

See if the Gentlemen be a bed ; I'm troubled.

Nur. Oh Mistris?

The Constant Maid.

Bell. What's the matter?

Nur. Mr. *Startup* is not a bed, and here is all is left
Of Mr. *Hartwell*.

Bell. This is verie strange.

Nur. I dare not tell her of his thift, they're gone,
The doores I found left open, and no signe
Which way they are bestowed.

Bell. This puzzles me:
Pray Heaven there be no mischief in this absence:
Is *Franck* abed?

Nur. Yes.

Bell. What should move 'em
To leave my house so late, and Mr. *Hartwell*
Without his clothes? Some knock there:
Besheew me but I trembled.

Nur. 'Tis a stranger,
And sayes he would speake with you.

Bell. At this late houre?
What accidents are these? from whence?

Nur. I know not.

Bell. Has he no name? what should this meane?

Nur. He sayes he is a Countrey-man of Mr. *Startups*.

Bell. Admit him, he perhaps does bring some newes.

Enter Countrey-man.

Count. By your leave Mistrisse, pardon my importunitie:
At so unfit an houre.

Bell. Y'are welcome, sir.

Count. I met with fortunate directions,
Though I came late; I understand you have
A guest, one *Startup* of Northampton-shire,
That comes a wooing to your daughter.

Bell. Such an one there was that supt with us, and went
To bed; but since, as I have faith, I know not
Which way he has convey'd himselfe; another
Gentleman too is missing, and his Rivall.

Count. Pray do not mock me, Lady, I ha rid

The Constant Maid.

A great way, and the businesse much concernes him.

Bell. You may beleeeve me, he is no such treasure
I should conceale him.

Enter Frances.

Count. Then I see you dally:

Know, Mistresse, you may slack your preparations,
Your daughter must look out another husband,
He is contracted.

Bell. How?

Count. And something more,
Gotten with child one, that without blushing

I cannot call my daughter; he shall make
Her credit straight agen, although my fortunes
Have no equalitie with his, I shall
Find Law to force him.

Fran. You prefer'd this sutor,
This newes returnes my bloud.

Bell. Sir, you shall find
All truth I have deliver'd, I am not sorrie,
To heare this newes, this is no time to seek him:
Pleafe you accept the lodging that was his,
My servant shall attend you in the morning,
To help your search.

Count. You seeme a noble Gentlewoman,
I take your courtesie.

Bell. Nurse, a light; pray walk, sir.

Fran. I was unkind to *Hartwell*, he not wife;
But love still apprehends too much, or nothing.

Exit Countrey-

Bell. *Frances*, a word: do not you know what is
Become o' these Gentlemen,

Fran. Not I, their absence
Is strange to me,

Bell. Oh, *Franck*, I am undone.

Fran. Good Heaven, forbid.

Bell. This Gentleman, *M^r. Hartwell*,
Whom we shall never see agen, I feare.

Fran. How, mother? are you acquainted

With

The Constant Maid.

With any cause to feare thus.

Bell. 'Tis in vaine
To tell thee how I loved him.

Fran. Blessè my senses ! you love him ?

Bell. 'Bove all the world, affectionately plac'd him
Too neere my heart.

Fran. I heard you made pretence
Of love, to trie him for my sake ; and pardon me,
If yet I dare not beleeve more.

Bell. Oh *Franck*——

Fran. My heart doth thrill, I feel a coldnesse run
Through all my veines already!

Bell. I had no other thought,
At first ; bnt wisely to distinguish whether
His heart was fixt on thee, or my estate ;
With resolution, if I found him more
A Courtier of thy fortune than thy person,
To punish him with losse of both : But Love
Hath chang'd both scene and title in our Comedy,
And what I meant should shipwrack all his hopes,
Hath ruin'd us, his modest and calme answer :
To accept my tender, with such force and reason
Directed to my fancie, turn'd my purpose,
And made me his indeed, his perfect Lover :
But now we ha' both lost him.

Fran. All the pietie
That ever taught children to love their mother,
Will but suffice to keep my heart obedient.
Was ever Maid so miserable ? Was there
No other, in my fate, to rivall me ?
I live too long ; oh breake, breake my poore heart ;
For she that gave me life, hath took it from me.

Bell. Why do you weep ?

Fran. I do not weep, or if
I do, I know not why.

Bell. Now I percieve

The Constant Maid.

Thy duty was but counterfeit, you love him,
Upon my life you love him still ; Have my
Commands no more respect ? My care and love
So ill rewarded, that my heart desiring
One comfort in the world, and shall my childe
Rise up to take it from me ?

Fran. Alas I knew not
You loved him too, indeed I had rather die
Than you should call me rebell.

Bell. Now I see
The cause of his departure in this fashion,
Pray heaven he have not made away himselfe ;
Did ever childe deceive a mother so ?
I have a sad presage, you may to bed,
And rise without my blessing, yet
You may stay, wherefore should I despaire
Of his returne ? You say you could not tell
That I affected him.

Fran. Indeed not I,
And do believe it now against my will ;
But I am your daughter.

Bell. Shew it, in confirming
Your selfe to my desires, and what is past,
I can forgive you, if he come againe :
Will you be rul'd, and shew no favour to him ?
For 'tis in you, I see, to make me happy ;
I will not tye you to affect the other,
Chooße any for your husband but this man,
My love and prayers shall go along with you ;
Answer.

Fran. Indeed I dare not, yet could I
Put off the knowledge that you are a mother

Bell. What then ?

Fran. Though in imagination I allow you
The greatest woman in the earth, whose frowne
Could kill, and eyes at pleasure make alive

The Constant Maid.

Agan ; I could say—

Bell. Pray let's heare.

Fran. I durst tell you,

In confidence of my cause, that you betray

Two innocents to sorrow ; and though heaven

Looke on, and seem to smile upon your cruelty,

Yet there is punishment for divorcing those

Whose hearts that hath conjoynd : I durst tell you,

Though all your terrours were prepared to punish

My bold defence ; you were a tyrant.

Bell. How ?

Fran. A most unjust, a sacrilegious tyrant.

Bell. You would not be so violent.

Fran. That thus,

Not only ruine and deface the Altar,

But steal away the very Sacrifice,

And I durst adde and smile upon your anger.

Though as you frown'd death stood in every wrinkle,

My soul's above your tyranny, and would

From torturing flame, receive new fire of love,

And make your eye faint to behold the brightness

Of my poore bodies Martyrdome ; and if ever

Love shewed a miracle, my heart should beare

The Characters of him you have torne from it,

With beames about it like a Saint that suffer'd :

But as you are my mother, thus I kneele

And beg a pardon for my innocence,

If that offend you ; Live you happy still,

And be the Mistris of your vows, live to

Enjoy whom you affect, may every houre

Returne new blessings on you both ; renew

Your spring, and let him thinke you young againe,

And let me beg but this for all my duty ;

Against that day you marry him to provide

My Coffin, for I feare I sha' not have

Breath many minutes after, to pray for you,

The Constant Maid.

The herbs that shall adorne your Bridall chamber,
Will serue my Funerall, and deck my Herse;
Beneath which you should say, there lies your daughter
That dies to shew obedience.

Bell. Why shouldst thou
Continue thus to him?

Fran. I know he loves me, yet hereafter your affections
May not.

Bell. But never procure thee one sad thought;
Now I have tried you both; assure my childe,
I loved him but for thee, dispose thy selfe
To be his Bride: This newes, at his returne,
Will make all well to rest.

Fran. Can this be true?

Bell. 'Twere sin to mocke thee any more: To bed.

Fran. I'll spend all night
In prayers for you, mother: Oh my *Hartwell*

Exeunt.

Enter Playfaire and his Cousen.

Play. I am bound ever to thee.

Cous. Does she not become her rich cloathes, too?

Play. The morning never look'd

So fresh, nor *Venus* with more charmes upon her:

Adon would melt before her eye, and wooc her

Her kisses, at expence of his last breath:

Cupid himselfe, could he but see, would fall

In love with her, and throwing away his shafts,

Offer the empty quiver to her eyes,

Ambitious to fill it with her beames;

The least of which, would wound more hearts, than all

His stocke of golden Arrows.

Cous. No more Raptures.

Play. Didst thou not know before, that love is able,
Without the helpe of Sacke, to make a Poet,
My nimble *Mercury*, *Joves* Herald in
Reversion?

Cous. I must confesse

The Constant Maid.

I had a trick of *Mercury* when I pick'd
His pocket for the Keyes.

Play. He never mist 'em ?

Cons. His eyes were drench'd in suds, and I return'd 'em
Ere they recover'd light.

Play. 'Twas excellent ;
He walkes in darknesse still.

Cons. D'ee think he'll know her ?

Play. His cloathes already have
Made him forget himselfe, or if he have
But the remembrance of such a woman ;
The more he sees her now, the more he'l thinke
The change impossible.

Cons. Where ha' you left him ?

Play. I'th' Gallery, where with much patience,
He does expect his highnesse will send for him.

Cons. Then all runs smoothe, his wonder still continues.

Play. I fed that humour artificially ;
He is halfe perswaded all's but a dream,
To which imagination his clothes
Are a great help, because he paid not for 'em :
Sometimes he is very merry, then agen
He struts about with such a scurvy pride,
As some new crept into Nobility ;
When men of their first Livery come to see 'em :
His honour has so chang'd him, that he now
Knowes not of what Religion he is ;
Or if he chance to thinke of his first faith,
He spits o'th hangings, and excused with
I do not like the Story, 'tis apocryphall ;
Sometimes he'll offer at a jest, and talke
Non-sense with him that has been seaven yeares Lorded ;
Frowne upon any man that will presume
To have more knowledge, in worse clothes ; I told him
It was his Graces pleasure he should be
Controuler of the Masque, and he did sweat,

The Constant Maid.

As he were studying for some mighty oathes
To cleere the presence : he is here ; away.

Exit.

Hornet and Sr. Clement.

Horn. And you are Master of the house, Sir *Clement*,
For so I heard you call'd.

Clem. It is my name,

Sr. Gyles, unworthy of this grace his Highnesse
Is daign'd to shew in honouring of my daughter.

Horn. And was she married this morning, say you ?

Clem. This morne she lost her Virgin name.

Horn. I have not seen her yet, nor any of the Ladies,
You have but little noise methinkes in the house.

Clem. It would offend his Grace.

Horn. Who, as you say, came hither privately, with a small train
Of Lords ; Would I might see his face agen ;
I am not sent for yet, I have beene ready,
Sr. Clement, these three houres, and I do wonder
His Grace forgets himselfe so much.

Clem. That Musick speaks him on entrance.

Enter Cousen and Lords.

Flourish.

Consf. I, that garbe becomes him ;
How was his person lost within that shape
He was first presented to me ?

Horn. Indeed the case is somewhat a
Altered, by your highnesse bounty
To your poore subject, *Hornet*.

Play. Now he looks
As he did scorne the quorum, and were hungry
To eat a Statesman ; 'Las an office in
The household is too little for a breakfast :

A Baron, but a mornings draught, he'll gulpe it,
Like a round Egge in Muscadine : Me thinkes

At every wiping of his mouth, should drop

A golden saying of *Pythagoras* ;

A piece of *Machiavell* ; I see already

Hang on his Beard (which wants but stroaking out)

The Constant Maid.

The Statutes and the *Magna Charta* have
Taken a lease at his tongues end.

Cons. I will think on't;
He shall be—but toth' banquet,
Then let the masque be ready, there we shall
Employ your worthy diligence.

Horn. Heaven blesse your mightie Grace.

Cons. You'll follow. *Exit.*

Horn. I attend you presently:
I know not what to think of these things yet,
'Tis verie strange I should be thus exalted
Without desert; best knowne unto my selfe.
Princes I see are mortall, and may be
Deceiv'd in placing of their honours, I
Am little better than a favorite,
If this be true: If? 'tis a question,
Let me consider wisely, it may be
I am not I. No, no, I am a Knight:
Are these my clothes? I did not use to weare such
A pocket in my sleeve and velvet hose,
Six times translated since they were a Mid-wives
Fore-part, were things I wore on holidayes.
The price of these would break a Cammels back,
And yet some men walk under 'em like Elephants,
And have varietie, as the Devill were
Their Taylour, who best knowes where all their land lies.
Then why this cost on me? it is a dreame,
And I am verie glad on't, 'tis impossible
I should be true, it does not hang together,
I will have patience till I wake agen,
And care not what becomes on't.

Enter Sr. Clement.

Clem. 'Tis his Highnesse
Pleasure now the banquet's done.

Horn. How, the banquet done? I was comming to't,
You could hardly say grace by this time.

Clem.

The Constant Maid.

Clem. That's a ceremony growne out of use ;
It was a running banquet.

Horn. A running ? so it seemes, it made great haste :
I doe dreame certainly, there's no sense nor reason
In any thing they say.

Sr. Clem. You know your place,
The masque will straight begin, and his Grace wo'not
Have any one admitted, he resolves,
If the conceit affect him, it shall be
Perform'd i'th' Court hereafter, i'th' meane time
He does command all privacie : There are
Some set to guard the doore ; but your care must
Provide his Highnesse be not interrupted.
Back, they are rude already.

Exit. Knocks.

Horn. Let me alone :
What turbulent Knave is that ?

Within. I am a Countrey Gentleman, *Sr. Gyles* ;
And if I may presume upon good clothes,
You may before his Grace call me your Couzen,
And not be asham'd ; here is a Lady too.

Horn. A Lady too ? Is she with child ? What makes she
Here, and she be with child already ?
'Tell thee none such shall be admitted, while
I am in place : More rapping ? Keep the doores,
If I do fall a swearing once, look to't.

Within. I beseech you, for my wives sake.

Horn. Thy wives ?

What's he that pleads *In forma pauperis* ?

Within. A Citizen, and like you.

Horn. Like me ? thou lyest : I am more like a Lord.

Thou shalt fare ne're the better for that word :
Knock downe the women, and there be a hundred,
And make their husbands drunk ; the Guard are lazie :
These womens insolence will force a Statute,
I will petition to the King my selfe,
They may have libertie but once a yeere

The Constant Maid.

To see the Gally foist, then be confined
To their Chamber, and one Prentice—yet agen.

Within. Sir Gyles, Sr. Gyles, you know me well enough.

Horn. But while I am in office I'll know nobody.

Scri. I am your Scrivenor.

Horn. Draw thy purse, wherein

Thou keep'st thy eares, and leave 'em at the doore;

The Guard trust none without a pawne; they'll serve,

If they be ne're redeem'd, to see the in milke

For a sore throat: Jewes eares I know they are.

Scri. Sir Gyles, here's your Neece.

Horn. My Neece? the devill she is.

Nec. Within. Pray Uncle let me in.

Horn. Her very voice: Ha? open the doores there;

Where is she?

With. Whom?

Horn. My Neece that call'd to me.

With. None call'd: nor was there any woman here.

Horn. No, nor my Scrivener bawling out, Sir Gyles,

Wi. Not at any hand your worship.

Horn. Then I dreame,

And I am a fool to make a question on't.

With. Ha, ha, ha.

Horn. The knaves laugh at me, but let 'em,

Shall be as merry with this tale to morrow:

What fancies men have in their sleep sometimes?

His Highnesse.

Enter Cousen, Lords.

Where be the Ladies?

Clem. They are all i'th' Masque.

Horn. Nay, 'tis no matter, why do I aske the question?

Clem. You'll see 'em, Sir, anon.

I La. Wilt please your Grace?

And you Sir Gyles, the subject of the Masque.

Horn. What's here, the three Goddesses

Contention for the golden ball?

Enter

The Constant Maid.

*Enter Playfaire, dancing, with a Golden Ball
in his hand.*

This is *Paris*; So.

Enter Juno, Pallas, Venus.

These are the three Goddesses;

Juno, Pallas, Venus.

The Goddesses dance, and court Paris for his Ball: To Juno enters one like a King; Takes his Crowne and Scepter, offers it to Paris, he refuses.

2 *Lo.* Juno doth wooe him with her State and Kingdomes.
Horn. But he refuses, more foole he.

To Pallas, enter one like a Souldier arm'd, with a Booke in his hand; She presents them to Paris, he neglects.

Clem. He is not for her service, though she offer
To make him Schollar and a Souldier:
A compleat man.

Horn. No, no, that fairie must win the ball.

*To Venus comes Cupid, leading in Horner's Neece,
richly drest.*

Ha? that's my Neece.

Clem. Which, *St. Gyles*?

Horn. That whom Dame *Venus* and her Dandipratt
Are busie withall.

1 *Lo.* Why that's the Bride.

Horn. Bride, quotha?

Clem. Married this morning; 'Tis my daughter, sir.

Horn. Nay, if she be my Neece, I am sure she was not
Married this morning.

The Constant Maid.

*Paris receives the Niece, and gives Venus the Ball;
Juno, Pallas, with their Masquers,
Exit.*

She's safe enough at home,
And has but halfe her wits, as I remember :
The devill cannot juggle her from my custody.
Ha, ha, I do dreame still.

*Cupid joyes their hands, and sings ; Which done,
Exit Masquers.*

Cons. 'Tis time to breake off revels : How like you this,
St. Gyles ?

Horn. A very fine dreame, ifaith.

Cons. I see you'd be a bed ; You are not us'd
To these late houres.

Clem. Lights for his Highnesse.

Horn. I humbly beg your license
I may returne to my owne lodging.

Clos. Well, sir, 'tis easily granted.

Exit.

Lo. Lights for Sir Gyles : One shall attend you home.

Horn. Ha, ha, ha.

Clem. Why do you laugh ?

Horn. At a conceit, at a conceit :
What did I eat last night, to make me dream thus ?

Exit.

Act.

The Constant Maid.

Act. V.

*Enter Hartwell apprehended, Countrey-man
Officers, Servant.*

Hart. You have done well?

Countr. Would you had done no worse.
These are his clothes, and you must give account
How you came by 'em, and produce him safe
Ere you acquit your selfe; We may suspect
You ha' kill'd him.

Horn. Then I obey my destiny;
Justice I see pursues the guilty person:
Dispose me where you please.

Officer. He does confess.

Hart. What e're you be, you can but have my life
For his; all your revenge can reach no higher:
And to the law I yield my selfe.

Countr. My hopes are colde
As his blood whom thou hast slaine: Thou hast
Been cruell in this act, to me and mine;
Whose fames in him are miserably wounded:
But looke for the reward.

Hart. I must expect it;
In the meane time I do not beg your mercy:
Life is a burden, I would faine be rid on't.
Does he weary me to carry it?

Serv. I'll acquaint my Mistris.

Count. Do so: To the next Justice; come away

Exeunt.

Enter Hornet.

Horn. She's gone, she's gone, I shall run mad; My Necce,
Rob'd of three thousand pound in her escape,
I finde too late, I am awake and gull'd;

The Constant Maid.

Nor know I whom to accuse for my tormentors ;
Devils or men, but sure they were not men,
But very fiends I revell'd with last night .
That I could meet the prince of devils that knighted me,
The Poets call him *Pluto*, god of riches ;
I and my learned Councell would undo him
In Law, in very Law, which he should finde
Hotter ere I had done, than hell it selfe,
And call his place of torment, in three *Termes*,
But a refreshing to't : Yet let me see,
I have the portion still, though she be vanish'd,
That's better than my *Neece*, but if she marry,
I lose it all there ; there's the vexation.

Enter Cousen.

Cous. Save Mr. *Hornet*.

Horn. 'Tis too late, away,
I do not love unnecessary complement.

Cous. This he ?

Horn. Yes, I am he ; am I not very fine ?
What do you thinke this trim will cost me, ha ?
Three thousand pounds, no more ?

Cous. The Broker wo'not
Lend halfe the money.

Horn. Will you, sir, be gone,
I ha' no money to lend now, it is not,
You know, in fashion, with rich clothes,

Cous. I came for other purpose, and with newes perhaps,
You would be willing to receive ; You have
A *Neece* ?

Horn. No ; such a creature was in my possession ;
Do you know where she is ?

Cous. Faith I imagine.

Horn. Ha, good sir ? pray forwards
You shall have money upon good security.

Cous. I thank you, sir, for nothing ; I do owe you
Too much already, on these *termes*.

Horn.

The Constant Maid.

Horn. My Niece, as you were saying,

Consf. Were you knighted lately?

Horn. Is that talk'd abroad?

Consf. No generall rumour; By a chance I came

Where such a thing was whisper'd, only whisper'd;

Just as he was describ'd: In my opinion

Y're very handsome, and do looke as like a reverend—

Horn. Affe.

Consf. Why, you shall have it, sir.

Horn. But touching my Niece, good sir,

That most ungracious gight,

That's run or stolne away, juggled last night

Out a my doores.

Consf. Did not she leap the casement?

Horn. Do not increase my agony; you came

Consf. With civill meaning to discover how

You may be abus'd.

Horn. What money do you want, sir?

Your owne bond shall suffice.

Consf. I ha sworne never

To write my name or marke; But I can tell—

Horn. Where I may finde this girle.

Consf. More I can do, if need require;

Tis in my power to give

Her back to your possession, and I am willing.

Horn. An honest man.

Consf. On reasonable conditions, and such

As shall not trench on borrowing money.

Horn. Honester yet.

Consf. For you shall give it freely, and get by't;

For you must understand if I do this,

I shall betray a friend of mine, that has

Put me in trust, one that intends to marry her,

(For truth to tell, they are not yet contracted)

To marry her, d'ce marke? and yet e're morning

Three thousand pounds upon her; Is't not so much?

The Constant Maid.

One that has lent me sums too without parchment
Or foolish circumstance, to be repaid ;
Which you were never yet so much a Christian,
As to be guilty of, in your Usurers gallon
Of conscience melting Sacke ; This deserves something,
But cause some expedition is required ;
You have a Bond of mine.

Horn. For fifty pound.

Cous. I had but forty, and your Scrivenor paid,
With whom, perhaps, your worship too divided ;
If you remember, there were precious dinners,
Ere I could count my Chickens altogether,
Which was your thrift and my expence ; You shall not
First cancell that Bond, nay this wo'not do't,
And give, d'ee-marke, give me a hundred pieces,
Perhaps I'll drinke your health : This shall retrieve
Your Neece, and give her into your hands,
Though for my treachery, I be sung in ballads,
And have the towne curse if ever I marry.

Horn. 'Tis too much for no more labour, sir.

Cous. If I consider, I have lent you money
Three hundred will not bring me to't again ;
Thus faire I'll deale with you, I'll not touch your money
Till I ha' don't, but then I will be sure :
Fetch, fetch the businesse.

Horn. The Bond is ready.

Cous. I will have ready money too : You have
Bags of all sizes and denominations ;
I, these things promise well ; now I'll attend you.

Horn. Do this feat for me, and 'tis all thine owne.

Enter Justice, Playfaire and Neece.

Just. Now we may wish you joy, The Priest hastyed
That knot, no subtilty nor malice can
Dissolve ; And I repent not I have been
An actor in your Comedy, though I should not

The Constant Maid.

Be tempted easily to such another
Engagement ; For your sake I have dispenc'd with
My person and my place.

Play. You alwayes were
My loving Uncle.

Nec. Sir, you have, in this,
Deserv'd our lives and fortunes.

Play. It was good mirth
To heare him confident all our device
Was but a dreame.

Just. He is awake by this time ;
Should your Cousen faile, we'll have another way
To invite him ; And if honesty prevaile not,
Force him till he consent.

Enter Servants.

Serv. Some offenders are brought to be examin'd.

Just. Nephew, withdraw, and you, faire Bride ; These troubles
Are incident to my place, I'll soon dispatch 'em.

Enter Cotntray-man, Hartwell, and Officers.

How now my Masters ? Mr. Hartwell ? ha !

Hart. Looke on me, Sir, as a delinquent ; These
Are able to accuse me.

Just. What offence ?

Const. Nothing, but for killing of a man.

Just. What proofe ?

Cotntr. He has confest it, Sir.

Enter Mistris Bellamy and Frances.

Just. Mistris Bellamy,

You are come in a sad time : Here's Mr. Hartwell

Accus'd for killing.

Bell. 'Tis not possible :

Good sir beleve it not.

Just. He does confesse.

Hart. I am not worth your pity, gentle Lady ;
In vaine I should extenuate my fact,

The Constant Maid.

To have the troubles of examinations ;
Here I confesse agen, my hand is guilty
Of killing him whose feeble arme durst not
Lift up a weapon to defend himselfe.

Just. That was not manly.

Hart. I but slew a coward

Startup, and could I call his life agen,
As soone I should destroy it ; you perhaps
Know not my provocation : He was
My Rivall, sir, pardon me : *Mistris Bellamy*,
To whom I only seemed a Proselyte
In love, I had no heart to give from her :
And in my study to decline your anger ;
I fell upon her scorne, which in few minutes,
Engaged me to this Fate ; Nor am I troubled
That I must dye, when she upon whose faith
I durst have laid the hopes of my eternity,
Hath violated all the trust of woman.

Count. Wilt please you, sir—

Just. Forbear a little.

Hart. Tell me, most unkinde, if thou didst love
At all ? How couldst thou thinke I should be such
A desperate *Atheist*, that thou so soone,
And with a strange Apostacy should'st revenge it ?
These swelling drops which in thy innocence
Might ha' prevail'd to ha' restor'd the dead,
Heaven now doth looke on, and despise : And though
Thou shed moist tribute on this Tombe, it shall slide,
Neglected o're the Marble, and be lost,
As if the stone had sense to punish thy
Disdaine of me : I can behold that weeping,
And not be moved to wish I were not guilty
Of killing him whose love had been thy triumph ;
And I dare boldly, still in the contempt
Of what I am to suffer, and the justice
Of my owne truth, challenge thy soule to answer

The Constant Maid.

In what I was beneath that gaudy foole,
Excepting that he had more earth than I
To helpe his scale, which yet he may be indebt for
To his fathers sins : Alive, he could nor merit
One cold disdain from thee ; And dead, how comes it
He should be worth thy teares ? But let thy eyes
Chide this unruly sorrow ; dresse thy cheekes
With their fresh blood again, and let thy face
Open a book of smiles, in the assurance
I have not long to live ; When I have numbred
A few sad minutes, thou shalt be reveng'd,
And I shall never trouble thee : If this
Be not enough, extend thy malice further ;
And if thou find'st one man that lov'd me living,
Will honour this cold body with a grave,
Be cruell, and corrupt his charity.
So fare ye well.

Fran. Yet you must stay and heare me :
He sha'not suffer, if my friends or state
Can purchase him a pardon : Where's the body
Of him that's slaine ?

Countr. We know not ; But you heare
His free confession of the fact.

Just. This may
Proceed from discontents ; Life to some men
Is but their torment, in whose paine they will,
As on the Wracke, confesse what never
Was in their thought.

Hart. Speak it agen, and I
Dare promise thee to live.

Fran. My heart was ever
Constant, my mothers love was but my triall,
As mine a seeming change in thy disguise,
Which was not able to secure thee from me :
The words were, I would choose my husband here ;
But what will this avails us ?

The Constant Maid.

Hart. Mr. Justice, I here discharge you.

Iust. How?

Hart. My joyes obeyes

No limits; I accus'd my selfe unjustly,

The fool's alive.

Countr. Startup, Where?

Hart. I know not that,

My servant's with him, but if he ha' plaid

The hang-man, starv'd or smother'd him in a ditch,

I ha' made faire worke.

Omnes. This were a weleome truth.

Enter servant.

Serv. Sir, the Constable:

Iust. I had rather it had been my Kinsman and the Usurer;

But wait and give me knowledge when they come.

Enter Constable, Startup, Close, Officers.

Const. Where's Mr. Justice?

Hart. It is he and Close;

Then I am secure, your pardon, and thy love:

Bel. You have it freely, and a mothers prayers

For both your happiness.

Const. Please your worship, these

We took last night i'th' fields suspiciously,

And by my owne authority I condemn'd 'em.

Star. Shall we be hang'd, Close, we are condemn'd already.

Iust. This is the Gentleman was kill'd.

Star. Sweet sir, no;

Not kill'd out right, but I was almost starv'd

With cold: These Gentlewoman know me,

And I should know that Hose and Doublet too;

Those garments which you weare, I have oft seen, sweet sir.

Close. Well said *Jeronimo*:

Star. I was faine to borrow

These of a prisoner that lies in, upon

My Diamond Ring.

Iust.

The Constant Maid.

Iust. You are discharg'd.

Start. And we too?

Iust. Yes, and joy in every bosome.

Start. Close, you must know this your Mistress: Sweet Lady.

Fran. How?

Clos. 'Tis enough for you to know her, sir,
And me to acknowledge.

Countr. Do you know me, sir?

Start. Hum; yes, who brought you to town? And your daughter too, sweet sir?

Countr. And you shall right her.

Start. Is she grown crooked? I knew her too well.

Peace, not a word more, I know your meaning,

Do not discredite me, sweet sir, and we'll steal down

And marry her ere any be aware on't;

I wo't stay to shift me, take no leave;

The jest will be when I am in the Countrey,

How like an ass he'll look in my apparrell. *Exeunt Start*

Enter servant.

Countryman.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Playfares Cousen and the tother Gallant.

Iust. I must intreat your patience a little;

You'll meet with friends in the next roome.

Enter Cousen, Hornet.

Cous. Excuse my boldness, sir, this Gentleman.

Iust. Mr. Hornet, you are very welcome.

Horn. Good sir no ceremony; We are come

'Bout business: I have lost my Neece, and would

Know where she is.

Iust. D'ee take me for a Wizzard?

Cous. Sir, our desires are modest; That you would

Be witness to a bargain, and receive

Some trifles, sir, in trust to be deliver'd

To me, if I restore his Kinswoman.

Horn. Not else; On that condition I deposite

These hundred pieces, and a bond, if he

Deliver me my Neece, they are his fraught;

The Constant Maid.

If not, they call me owner.

Cous. Pardon, sir,

That I presume to bring this trouble to you.

Iust. 'Tis none at all.

Cous. You sha' not long expect : So rest you merry.

Iust. How fare you, sir ?

Horn. As you see, false away an inch since morning.

But this will physicke me ; If I possesse

This harlotry agen, I'll make her sure :

Trust not a woman, they have found the herbe

To open locks ; not brazen Towers can hold 'em,

Or if they get not loose, they have the vertue

Of Loadstones ; Shut up in a box, they'll draw

Customers to them ; Nay, being dead and buried,

There is a suspicion they will breake the grave,

Which puts so many husbands to the charge

Of heavy stones to keep their bad wives under.

Iust. You are moved ?

Horn. Oh Mr. Justice you are honest ;

I ha' been abus'd, so miserably cheated,

I am asham'd to thinke on't. Stay, what, musicke ?

Enter Cousen, leading the Neece.

Ha, 'tis my Neece ; the very same.

Cous. There, sir, you have her, and I must ha' these.

Horn. Take 'em : But you shall go with me ; have I found you ?

Neece. How Uncle ? a reveller ? you'll lead me a Coranto.

Horn. You shall dance homewards.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. What make you so familiar with my wife ?

Horn. How, wife ? is she married ?

Cous. 'Tis upon record,
I'll bring a Parson that shall take his oath on't.

Horn. Give me my bond and money, Mr. Justice.

Hart. Where ? where ?

Cous. Here, here, but not to be recovered.

The Constant Maid.

By law : I have a judgement, sir, against you.

Horn. You have conspired to rob, cheat, and undo me ;
I'll have you all Star-chamber'd.

Play. Sir, be calme, and hear us.

Horn. I'll hear nothing.

Play. Yes, you shall ;

It will be necessary, I am bold,
Presuming on her favour, to demand
A parcell of three thousand pound, the sum
belongs to me, by vertue of a marriage,
And I must have it.

Horn. Tell me of a marriage ?

Consf. I saw the Priest conjoyne 'em :
He will deserve your love.

Play. Perhaps you may continue
A thousand, or two thousand, for six moneths,
Upon security.

Horn. Persecution.

Iust. Faith sir consider,
It is more safe to see her thus bestowed,
Than trust a Jury ; If the Doctor had
Given her too much *Opium*, or purg'd
Her soule away, things might go worse ; But I
Keep counsell.

Horn. Ha' ye mortified me yet ?

Consf. For your owne sake, and as you are true Knight.

Enter Mistris Bellamy, Hartwell, Frances, and Close.

Horn. Now, ha' ye done ? The widdow ;
Not a word more, take her, I'll pay you sir,
Three thousand pounds to morrow : Noble widdow
You were in the first list to be invited ;
My Neece I told you of, is married to
This worthy Gentleman.

Bell. You looke like a Bridegroom.

Horn. 'Tis in your power to make it good ; What say you,
Shall we have issue ? Now the word of comfort.

The Constant Maid.

Bel. I will never marry.

Horn. You are resolv'd why, so : Come hither Nephew,
Shalt be my heire, I love thee for thy wit;
But charme thy friends, they do not laugh at me;
I'll be a Knight too, if I live, and build
An Hospitall for twenty more o'th' Order,
Which I'll reduce my selfe out of the Suburbs;
It is a shame such men should lose their spurs
In womens Petticoats, and turne Squires agen
To Whores, or Parasites to Noble men,
For want of fit provision.

Iust. An excellent foundation.
But where's *Startup*?

Clos. Sunke, I thinke.

Hart. Nere conjure for him; we are ingratefull to
Our blisse : But wasting of these precious minutes,
Which are so many ages, till the Church
Hath made us perfect.

Horn. Is there any more
Worke for the Priest ? Then give you joy before hand,
And let us celebrate the day together.

Play. I'me glad of your conversion ; Ye are the first
Jew that in my remembrance has turn'd Christian.

Iust. Walke on to joyes.

Hart. 'Twixt Love and Fortune, now the accounts are even ;
A chaine of hearts, and the first linck in heaven.

FINIS.

